HVMORS
ORDINARIE.

VVhere a man may be *verie merrie, and exceeding vvell vsed for his* Sixe-Pence

AT LONDON,
Printed for William Firebrand, *and are to be sold at his shop in Popeshead Pallace, right ouer against the Tauerne doore.*

Longmans [illegible] 600 - fr. 7.7.0.

6052 [illegible] for [illegible] copy
Not in [illegible] Collection

The Entrance of Christ [illegible] by Sam. Rowland [illegible] 1598

A sacred Memoire of the Nazarene [illegible] by one [illegible] in [illegible] Samuel Rowlands in 1625

[illegible] of [illegible] other [illegible] by Sam. Rowlands [illegible] in 1598 - 1605 - 1628 - 1629 [illegible]

Vid. Reliquiae III. 117.

A [illegible] of the [illegible] World [illegible] by Sam. Rowlands [illegible]

Opened [illegible] Date [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] 1610 [illegible]

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C. 117 a 35 ~~1076. g. 6.~~

Another Edition of these poems was published in 1600, with the following title:

"The Letting of Humours Blood in the head-vaine; with a new Morisco Launced by seaven Satyres upon the bottomes of Dirgines [illegible]

At London

Printed by W. White for W. F.

1600

The present edition, from the [illegible] [illegible] seem to be [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

AT LONDON,

TO THE GENTLEmen Readers.

HVmours, *is late crown'd king of Canceleres,*
Fantastique-follies, *grac'd common fauour:*
Ciuilitie, *hath serued out his yeares,*
And scorneth now to waite on good-behauiour.
Gallants, *like* Richard *the Vsurper swagger.*
That had his hand continuall on his dagger.

Fashions *is still consort with new found shapes,*
And feedeth daylie vpon strange disguise:
We shew our selues imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that Strangers heades deuise;
For ther's no habit of hell-hatched sinne,
That we delight not to be cloathed in.

Some sweare, as though they Starres from heauen could pull
And all their speech is pointed with the stabbe,
When all men know it is some coward gull,
That is but Champion to a Shordich drabbe.
Whose feather is his heades lightnes-proclaimer,
Although he seeme some mightie monster-tamer.

To the Readers.

Epicurisme, *cares not how he liues,*
But still pursueth brutish Appetite:
Disdaine, *regardes not what abuse he giues,*
Careless of wrongs, and vnregarding right,
Selfe-loue, *(they say) to selfe-conceit is wed,*
By which base match are vgly vices bred.

Pride, *reuells like the roysting Prodigall,*
Stretching his credit that his purse strings cracke,
Vntill in some distressfull gaile he fall,
Which wore of late a Lordship on his backe:
Where he till death must lie in pawne for debt:
Griefes night is neare, when pleasures sun is set.

Vaunting, *hath got a mighty thundring voyce,*
Looking that all men should applaude his sound,
His deedes are singular, his words be choyce,
On earth his equall is not to be found.
Thus Vertu's *hid with* Follies *iugling mist,*
And hees no man that is no humorist.

Samuel Rowlands.

TO POETS.

GOod honeſt Poets let me craue a boone,
That you would write, I do not care how ſoon
Againſt the baſtard humors howrely bred,
In euery mad, braind wit-worne, giddy head:
At ſuch groſſe follies doe not ſit and winke,
Belabour theſe ſame Gulls with pen and inke:
You ſee ſome ſtriue for faire hand-writing fame,
As *Peter Bales*, his ſigne can proue the ſame,
Gracing his credit with a golden Pen:
I would haue Poets proue more taller men:
In perfect letters reſted his contention,
But yours conſiſts in Wits choiſe rare inuention.
Wil you ſtand ſpending your inuentions treaſure,
To teach Stage Parrets ſpeak for penny pleaſure?
While you your ſelues like muſick-ſouding Lutes
Fretted and ſtrung, gaine them their ſilken ſutes.
Leaue *Cupids* cut, womens face-flattring praiſe,
Loues ſubiect growes too threed-bare now adais.
Change *Venus* Swans, to write of *Vulcans* Geeſe,
And you ſhall merit golden Pennes a peece.

Mirth pleaſeth ſome, to others 't is offence,
Some wiſh t'haue follies told; ſome diſlike that:
Some commend plaine conceits, ſome profound ſenſe:
And moſt would haue, themſelues they know not what.
Then he that would pleaſe all, and himſelfe too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to doo.

SATIR.

EVen like the chalking Vintners at the barre,
That bids all welcome, what so e're they are:
So they passe quiet, in and out a doore,
And make no swaggering to discharge their score
I Satir, *stand at entrance of this booke,*
And each kind guest may for my welcome looke:
All pleasant humours I inuite come here,
And with these Epigrams *make thē good cheere:*
Let Melancholie walke most dogged by,
All sprightly Poets *doe the same defie,*
To feast with wit he neuer had good tast,
I scorne to haue him at our Table plast.
Let him goe plod for leases, buy and sell,
And day by day his bags of money tell,
And grudge to giue himselfe a pint of Wine,
Out arrant Asse, he is no guest of mine.
But all mirths friends, I doe embrace most kind,
Better I wish, pray take such as you find.

EPIGRAMES.

EPIG. 1.

Monſieur Domingo, is a skillfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Proouing more Phiſike in an Ale-houſe Can
Then may be found in any Vintners pot,
Beere he proteſts is ſodden and refin'd,
But thus he ſpeakes, being ſingle peny lin'd.

For when his purſe is ſwolne but ſixpence bigge,
Why then he ſweares; now by the Lord I thinke
All Beere in Europe is not worth a figge:
A cup of Claret is the onely drinke,
And thus his praiſe from Beere to Wine doth go,
Euen as his Purſe in pence doth ebbe and flow.

EPIG. 2.

Who ſeekes to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offend:
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when he'le end.

Hang

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 3. *BOREAS.*

HAng him baſe Gul, Ile ſtab him by the Lord,
If he preſume to ſpeake but halfe a word:
Ile paunch the villaine with my Rapiers point,
Or hew him with my Fauchon ioint by ioint,
Through both his cheekes my Ponniard hee ſhall haue,
Or mincepie-like Ile mangle out the ſlaue.
Aske who I am, you whorſon frief-gown patch?
Call me before the Conſtable, or watch?
Cannot a Captaine walk in the Kings high-way?
Swouns, who de ſpeak to? know ye villaines, ha?
You drũken peſants, runs your tongs on wheels?
Long you to ſee your guts about your heeles?
Dooſt loue me Tom? let goe my Rapier then,
Perſwade me not from killing nine or ten:
I care no more to kill them in brauado,
Then for to drinke a pipe of *Trinidado*:
My minde to patience neuer will reſtore me,
Vntill their blood do guſh in ſtreams before me.
Thus doth Sir *Launcelot* in his drunken ſtagger,
Sweare, curſe & raile, threatẽ, proteſt, & ſwagger:
But being next day to ſober anſwer brought,
Hee's not the man can breede ſo baſe a thought.

When

EPIG. 4.

WHen *Thraſo* meetes his friend, he ſweares by (God,
Vnto his chamber he ſhal welcome be:
Not that hee'le cloy him there with roſt or ſod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes ſhops agree:
But hee'le preſent moſt kinde, exceeding franke,
The beſt *Tobacco* that he euer dranke.

Such as himſelfe did make a voyage for,
And with his own hands gather'd frō the ground:
All that which others fetch he doth abhor,
His grew vpon an Iland neuer found.
Oh rare compound, a dying horſe to choke,
Of Engliſh fier, and of India ſmoke.

EPIG. 5.

Diogenes one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-ſhine: his intent
Was (as he ſaid) ſome honeſt man to finde:
For ſuch were rare to meete, or he was blinde.
One late, might haue don well like light t'haue got,
That ſought his wife, met her, and knew her not:
But ſtay, cry mercy, ſhe had on her maske,

How

How could his eyes performe that spying taske?
T'is very true, t'was hard for him to doo
By Sun and Torch, let him take Lant-horne too.

EPIG. 6.

ALas *Drlfridus* keepes his bed God knowes;
Which is a signe his worship's very ill:
His griefe beyond the grounds of phisicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neare it with his skill:
Yet doth he eate drinke, talk, & sleepe profound,
Seeming to all mens iudgements healthful sound.

Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne,
What, thinke you so; may such a hap procure it?
Well, faith t'is true, his hose is out at pawne,
A breechlesse chance is come he must indure it:
His Hose to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His singular and onely veluet paire.

EPIG. 7.

SPeake Gentlemen, what shall we doe to daye?
Drink some braue health vpō the dutch carous,
Or shall we to the *Globe* and see a play,
Or visit *Shore-ditch* for a bawdy-house?

Lets

Let's call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a game;
To ſit thus idle, is both ſinne and ſhame.

This ſpeakes ſir *Reuill*, furniſht out with faſhion,
From diſh-crownd hat, vnto the ſhooes ſquare toe,
That haunts a whore-houſe but for recreation,
Playes but at dice to cunny-catch, or ſo;
Drinks drunke in kindnes, for good fellowſhip:
Or to the play goes but ſome purſe to nip.

EPIG. 8.

SIr Gall-Iade is a Horſe-man eu'ry day,
His Boots, and Spurs, and legs do neuer part:
He rides a horſe as paſsing cleane away,
As any that goes Tiburne-ward by Cart:
Yet honeſtly he payes for Hackneys hire:
But hang them Iades, he ſells them when they tire.

He liues not like *Diogenes* on rootes,
But proues a mince-pie gueſt vnto his Hoſt:
He ſcornes to walke in *Pauls* without his bootes;
And ſcores his diet on the Vitlers poſt:
And whē he knowes not where to haue his dinner,
He faſts, and ſweares, a glutton is a ſinner.

EPIG. 9. *Drude.*

THis Gentleman hath ſerued long in *France*,
And is returned filthy-full of French,
In ſingle combat being hurt by chance,
As he was cloſely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hote alarm's he hath indur'd good ſtore,
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no ſooner drawne and ventred nie her,
Intending onely but to haue a bout,
When ſhe his flaske and touch-box ſet on fire;
And till this houre the burning is not out.
Iudge, was not valour in this mortall wight,
That with a ſpit-fire Serpent thus durſt fight?

EPIG. 10. *In Meritricem.*

FAith Gentlemen you moue me to offence,
In comming to me with vnchaſte pretence.
Haue I the lookes of a laſciuious Dame,
That you ſhould deeme me fit for wantons game?
I am not ſhe will take luſts ſinne vpon her;
Ile rather die, then dimme chaſte glorious honor.
Tempt not mine eares, an grace of Chriſt I meane
To keepe my honeſt reputation cleane.

My

My hearing lets no ſuch lewd ſound come in,
My ſenſes loath to ſurfet on ſweete ſinne.
Reuerſe your minde, that goes from grace aſtray,
And God forgiue you, with my heart I pray.
The gallant notes her words, obſerues her frowns
Then drawes his purſe, & lets her view his crowns,
Vowing, that if her kindnes grant him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtris to command his treaſure.
The ſtormes are calm'd, the guſt is ouer-blowne,
And ſhe replies with, *Yours, or not her owne.*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
T'was but her tricke to trie if men doe ieſt:
Her loue is lockt where he may picke the truncke.
Let *Singer* iudge, if this be not a puncke.

EPIG. 11.

Allus will haue no Barber prune his beard,
Yet is his chin cleane ſhauen and vnhear'd:
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than:
His wenches doe it with their warming-pan.

EPIG. 12.

POlitike *Peter* meetes his friend a ſhore,
That came from ſeas but newly tother day:

And giues him French embracements by the score;
Then followes: *Dicke*, hast made good voyage, say?
But hearing *Richards* shares be poore and sicke:
Peter has haste, and cannot drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caueleere,
Whom he salutes about the knees and thighes,
Welcome sweete *Iames*, now by the Lord what cheer?
N'ere better *Peter*, we haue got rich prize.
Come, come (saies *Peter*) euen a welcome quart,
For by my faith weele drinke before we part.
Or thus,
Faith we must drinke, that's flat, before we part.

EPIG. 13.

SOme doe account it golden lucke,
They may be widdow-sped, for mucke:
Boyes on whose chinnes no downe appeares,
Marry old Croanes of threescore yeares:
But they are fooles to widdowes cleaue,
Let them take that which Maides doe leaue.

EPIG. 14.

FIne *Phillip* comes into the Barbers shop,
Where's nitty locks must suffer reformation:

The

The chaire and cuſhion entertaine his ſlop:
The Barber craues to know his worſhips faſhion:
His will is, ſhauen, for his beard is thin,
It was ſo lately baniſh'd from his chin.

But ſhauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the ſmooth-face cut he calles:
Then fie, theſe cloathes are waſht with common ſope,
Why doſt thou vſe ſuch ordinary balles?
I ſcorne this common trimming like a Boore:
Yet with his heart he loues a common whoore.

EPIG. 15. *Signieur Fantaſticke.*

I Scorne to meete an enemy in field,
Except he be a ſoaldier (by this light)
I likewiſe ſcorne my reaſon for to yeeld;
Yea further, I doe wel nigh ſcorne to fight.
Moreouer, I doe ſcorne to be ſo vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do ſcorne to walke without my man,
Yea, and I ſcorne good morrow and good den:
Ialſo ſcorne to touch an Alehouſe Can;
Thereto I ſcorne an ordinary queane.
Thus doth he ſcorne, diſdainfull, proud and grim,
All but the Foole, onely he ſcornes not him.

Amorous

EPIG. 16.

AMorous *Auſtin* ſpends much balletting,
In riming Letters, and loue Sonnetting.
She that loues him, his Ink-horn ſhal bepaint her,
And with all *Venus* titles hee'le acquaint her:
Vowing ſhe is a perfect Angell right,
When ſhe by waight is many graines too light:
Nay, all that doe but touch her with the ſtone,
Will be depos'd, that Angel ſhe is none.
How can he proue her for an Angel then,
That proues her ſelfe a diuell, tempting men,
And draweth many to the fiery pit,
Where they are burned for their entring it?
I know no cauſe wherefore he tearmes her ſo,
Vnleſſe he meanes, ſhee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer* chiefe Prince doth domineere:
If ſhe be ſuch, then (good my harts) ſtand cleere,
Come not within the compaſſe of her flight,
For ſuch as doe, are haunted with a ſpright.
This Angel is not noted by her wings,
But by her taile, all full of prickes and ſtings.
And know this luſt-blind Louer's vaine is led,
To praiſe his diuel in an Angels ſted.

When

EPIG. 17.

WHen *Caualero Rake hell* is to riſe
Out of his bed, he capers light and heddy:
Then wounds he ſwears, you arant whore he cries,
Why what's the cauſe that breakfaſt is not reddy?
Can men feede like *Camelions* on the ayre?
This is the maner of his morning prayer.

Well, he ſweares on vntill his breakfaſt comes;
And then with teeth he falls to worke apace,
Leauing his boy a banquet all of crummes.
Diſpatch you Rogue: my Rapier: that's his grace.
So forth he walkes, his ſtomacke muſt goe ſhift,
To dine and ſup abroad, by deed of guift.

EPIG. 18.

A Wofull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tobacco* takers may be feard.
One at the point with pipe and leafe to part,
Did vow *Tobacco* worſe then Deaths blacke dart:
And prou'd it thus: you know (quoth he) my frinds
Death onely ſtabbes the heart, and ſo life ends:
But this ſame poiſon, ſteeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lungs, doth ſoote & cobwebs breede.
With that he gaſp'd, & breath'd out ſuch a ſmoke.
That all the ſtanders by were like to choke.

EPIG. 19.

Actus would gladly drink, but wants his purſe,
Nay, wanteth mony, which is ten times worſe
For as he vowes himſelfe, he hath not ſeene

In three daies space the picture of the Queene.
Yet if he meete a friend neare Tauerne signe,
Straight he intreats him take a pint of wine:
For he will giue it, that he will; no nay.
What will he giue? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth: Boy, fill vs the tother quart;
I will bestow it euen with all my hart.
Then doth he diue into his slops profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found.
Meane while his friend discharges all the wine:
Stay, stay (quoth he) or well, next shall be mine.

EPIG. 20.

Francke in name, and Francke by nature,
Francis is a most kinde creature:
Her selfe hath suffered many a fall,
In striuing how to pleasure all.

EPIG. 21.

Oto can proue, such as are drunke by noone,
Are long liu'd men: the pox he can as soone.
Nay, heare his reason ere you doe condemne,
And if you finde it foolish, hisse and hem.
He saies; Good bloud is euen the life of man:
I grant him that (say you) well, go-to than:
More drinke, the more good bloud. O thats a lie:
The more you drinke, the sooner drunke, say I.
Now he protests, you doe him mighty wrong;
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men strong:
And he will pawne his head against a penny,

One

One right mad-drunk, wil brawle & fight with a-
Well, you reply; that argument is weake, (ny.
How can a drunkard brawle, that cannot ſpeake?
Or how can he vſe weapon in his hand,
Which cannot guide his feete to goe or ſtand?
Hark what an oath the drunken ſlaue doth ſweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare:
And when you ſee him ſtagger, reele, and winke,
He is a man and more; I by this drinke.

EPIG. 22.

WHen ſignieur *Sacke* & *Suger* drink-drown'd (reeles,
He vowes to hew the ſpurs from's fellowes heeles;
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
Into a louing league they preſent grow:
Then inſtantly vpon a cup or twaine,
Out Poniards goes, and to the ſtab againe.
Friends vpon that, they drinke, and ſo embrace:
Straight bandy daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a mad-drunke foole,
In Tauerne pots that keeps his Fencing-ſchoole.

EPIG. 23.

C*Ornutus* was exceeding ſicke and ill,
Paind as it ſeemed chiefly in his hed:
He call'd his friends, meaning to make his will;
Who found him drunk, with hoſe & ſhooes abed.
To whom he ſaid, Oh good my Maiſters ſee,
Drinke with his dart hath all beſtabbed me.

I here bequeath, if I doe chance to die,
To you kinde friends, & boone companions all,
A pound of good *Tobacco*, sweete and drie,
To drinke amongst you at my Funerall:
Besides, a barrell of the best strong Beere,
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

EPIG. 24.

WE men, in many faults abound;
But two in women can be found:
The worst that from their sexe proceedes,
Is naught in words, and naught in deedes.

EPIG. 25.

BId me goe sleepe: I scorne it with my heeles,
I know my selfe as good a man as thee.
Let goe mine arme I say, leade him that reeles;
I am a right good fellow: doost thou see?
I know what longs to drinking; and I can
Abuse my selfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twenty hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very straw:
Ile fight with any he aboue the ground;
Tut, tell not me whats what, I know the law.
Rapier and dagger: hey, a kingly fight;
Ile now try falles with any, by this light.

EPIG. 25.

BEhold, a most accomplish'd Caualeere,
That the worlds Ape of fashions doth appeare,

Wal-

Walking the ſtreetes, his humours to diſcloſe,
In the French Doublet, and the Germane hoſe:
The Muffes, Cloake, Spaniſh Hat, Toledo blade
Italian ruffe, a Shooe right Flemiſh made.
Like Lord of miſ-rule, where he comes heele reuel
And ſo for wagers, with the lying'ſt diuel.

EPIG. 27.

ASke *Humour* what a Feather he doth weare.
It is his humor (by the Lord) heele ſweare.
Or what he doth with ſuch a horſe-taile locke:
Or why vpon a whore he ſpends his ſtocke.
He hath a humor doth determine ſo
Why in the ſtop-throte faſhion doth he goe,
With ſcarfe about his necke, hat without band?
It is his humor: ſweete Sir vnderſtand.
What cauſe his purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt,
That often times tis ſcarcely penny bleſt?
Onely a humor. If you queſtion why?
His tongue is nere vnfurniſht with a lye.
It is his humor too he doth proteſt.
Or why with Sergants he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to ghoſts they haunt him e'rie day?
A raſcall humor doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why bootes and ſpurres are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His humor anſwers; Humor is his reaſon.
If you perceiue his wits in wetting ſhrunke.
It commeth of a humor to be drunke.
When you behold his looks pale, thin, and poore,
Th'occaſion is, his humor, and a whoore.

And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is a vaine, for ſenceleſſe Humors ſake.

EPIG. 28.

THree high-way ſtanders hauing cros-leſſe curſe,
did greet my frind with, Sir giue vs your purſe
Though he were true man, they agreed in one,
For purſe and coine betwixt them foure was none.

EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne ſweet picture to be made:
Which being done, ſhe from her word did ſlip,
And would not pay full due for workmanſhip.
The Painter ſwore, ſhe nere ſhould haue it ſo:
She bad him keepe it, and away did go.
He chollericke, and mighty diſcontent,
Straight tooke his Penſill, and to worke he went:
Making the dog ſhe held, a grim cats face,
And hung it in his ſhop, to her diſgrace.
Some of her friends that ſaw it, to her went,
In ieſting manner, asking what ſhe ment
To haue her picture hang where gazers ſwarme,
Holding a filthy cat within her arme?
She in a ſhamefull heate, in haſte did hie,
The Painter to content and ſatisfie:
Right glad to giue a French Crowne for his pain,
To turne her Cat into a Dog againe.

When

EPIG. 30.

WHen *Tarlton* clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,
And with conceits did good opinions gaine
Vpon the stage, his merry humors shop, (slop:
Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clowniſh
But now th'are gulld; for present fashion sayes,
Dicke Tarletons part, Gentlemens breeches playes:
In euery streete where any Gallant goes,
The swagg'ring slop, is *Tarltons* clowniſh hose.

EPIG. 31. *To Lutius.*

ONe newly practiz'd in Astronomie,
That neuer dealt in weather-wit before;
Would scrape (for sooth) acquaintance of the skie,
And by his Art, goe knocke at heauen dore.
Meane while a scholler in his studie slips,
And taught his wife skill in the Moones eclips.

Next night that friend perswades him walk alone
Into the field, to gather starres that fell,
To mix them with Philosophers rare stone,
That begets gold; he likt the motion well:
And went to watch, where stars dropt very thin,
But raine so showr'd, it wet his foole-case skin.

EPIG. 32. (mine eares?

WHat gallant's that whose oaths flie through
How like a lord of *Plutoes* court he sweares:
How braue in such a bawdy-house he sought;
How rich his empty purse is outside wrought;

How

How dutchman-like he ſwallows down his drink,
How ſweete he takes *Tobacco* till he ſtinke:
How lofty ſprited he diſdaines a Boore,
How faithfull hearted he is to a ( )
How cocke-taile proud he doth himſelfe aduance,
How rare his ſpurres doe ring the morris-dance.
Now I proteſt by Miſtris *Suſans* fan.
He and his boy, will make a propper man.

EPIG. 33.

LAugh good my Maiſters if you can intend it;
For yonder comes a foole that will defend it.
Saw you a verier Aſſe in all your life,
That makes himſelfe a pack-horſe to his wife?
I would his noſe where I could with were warme,
For carrying Pearle ſo pretty vnder's arme.
Pearle, his wiues dog, a pretty ſweet-fac'd curre,
That barkes a nights at the leaſt fart doth ſturre,
Is now not well, his cold is ſcarcely broke,
Therefore good husband wrap him in your cloke:
And ſweet-hart, prethee helpe me to my maske;
Hold Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske:
Here, take muffe, and doe you here good man,
Now giue me Pearle, and carry you my fanne.
Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine,
Husband take Pearle, giue me my fanne againe:
See how he quakes; faith I am like to weepe:
Come to me pearle, my ſcarfe good husband keep
To be with me *I* know my Puppy loues;
Why Pearle I ſay: Husband, take vp my gloues.

Thus

Thus goodman Idiot thinks himselfe an Earle,
That he can please his wife, and carry Pearle:
But others iudge his state to be no higher:
Then a dogs yeoman, or some pippin squier.

EPIG. 34.

WHat's he that sits and takes a nap,
Faced like the North winde of a map:
And sleeping, to the wind doth nod?
T'is *Bacchus* coosen, belly-god.

EPIG. 35.

S*Enerus* is extreame in eloquence,
In perfum'd words, plung'd ouer head & eares,
He doth create rare phrase, but rarer sence,
Fragments of *Latine* all about he beares.
Vnto his Seruing-man, *alias* his boy,
He vtters speech exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitiue, and my defectiue slaue,
Reach my corps couerture immediately:
My pleasures pleasure is the same to haue,
T'insconce my person from frigiditie.
His man beleeues all's Welch his Maister spoke,
Till he railes English; Roague, go fetch my cloke.

EPIG. 36.

WHy should the Mercers trade a sattin sute,
With Cookes grease be so wickedly polute?
The reason is, the scandall and defame
Grew, that a greasie slouen wore the same.

EPIG. 37.

AN honeſt Vicker, and a kind conſort,
That to the Alehouſe friendly would reſort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than,
Or drinke his pot as ſoone as any man:
As faire a gamſter, and as free from braull,
As euer man ſhall neede to play withall:
Becauſe his Hoſteſſe pledg'd him not carouſe,
Raſhly in choller did forſweare her houſe.
Taking the glaſſe, this was the oath he ſwore,
Now by this drinke, Ile nere come hither more.
But mightily his Hoſteſſe did repent,
For all her gueſts to the next Alehouſe went,
Following their Vickers ſteps in euery thing.
He led the pariſh euen in a ſtring.
At length his ancient Hoſteſſe did complaine
She was vndone, vnleſſe he came againe:
Deſiring certaine friends of hers and his,
To vſe a pollicy, which ſhould be this:
Becauſe with cõming he ſhould not forſweare him,
To ſaue his oath, they on their backs might beare
Of this good courſe the *Vicker* wel did thinke, (him.
And ſo they alwaies carried him to drinke.

FINIS.

Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes:
Enter Goat-footed Satyrs, *but like Rammes:*
Come nimbly forth; why ſtand you on delay?
O-ho, the Muſicke tuning makes you ſtay.
Well, friske it out nimbly: you ſlaues begin,
For now me thinks the Fidlers hands are in.

SATYRS.

SATYR. 1.

VVHo haue we here? behold him & be mute;
Some mighty man Ile warrant by his sute.
If all the Mercers in Cheap-side shew such,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twice as much.
I thinke the stuffe is nameless he doth weare:
But what so ere it be, it is huge geare:
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due.
Some swaggering fellow I may say to you.
It seemes Ambition in his big lookes shroudes;
Some Centaure sure, begotten of the cloudes.
Now a shame take the buzard; is it hee?
I know the ruffian, now his face I see:
On a more gull the Sun did neuer shine:
How with a vengeance comes the foole so fine?
Some Noblemans cast sute is fallen vnto him;
For buying Hose and Doublet would vndoo him.
But wot you now whither the buzard walkes?
I, into *Pauls* forsooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumults, vttring his aduice,
And prouing warres euen like a game at dice:
For this (saies he) as euery gamster knowes,
Where one side winnes, the other side must lose.
Next speech he vtters, is his stomacks care,
Which ordinarie yeelds the cheapest fare:
Or if his purse be out of tune to pay,

Then he remembers tis a fasting day:
And then he talketh much against excesse,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre lesse
Then Englishmen: experience you may get
In France and Spaine: where he was neuer yet.
With a score of Figges, and halfe a pint of wine,
Some foure or fiue will very hugely dine.
Me thinks this tale is very huge in sound,
That halfe a pint should serue fiue to drink round,
And twenty figges could feede them full and fat:
But trauellers may lye? who knowes not that?
Then why not he that trauells in conceit
From east to west, when he can get no meat?
His iourney is in *Pauls* in the backe Isles,
where's stomack counts each pace a hundred miles
A tedious thing, though chance will haue it such;
To trauell so long bootlesse, sure tis much.
Some other time, stumbling on wealthy chuffes
Worth gulling: then he swaggers all in huffes,
And tells them of a prize he was at taking,
wil be the ship-boyes childrens children making:
And that a mouse could finde no roome in hold,
It was so pestered all with pearle and gold:
Vowing to pawne his head, if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapside
A thousand other grosse and odious lies
He dares auouch, to blind dull Iudgements eyes:
Not caring what he speake, or what he sweare,
So he gaine credit at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the Royall Exchange hee'l drop,
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers shop:

And

And there his tongue runs byas on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and wares:
And what great wealth he lookes for erie wind,
Frō God knowes where, the place is hard to find.
If newes be harkened for, then he preuailes,
Setting his mint a worke to coyne falſe tales.
His tongs-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vttring rare lyes to be admired at:
Heele tell yeu of a tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreet hath in any ſhop,
Which being ripe, downe into ſcabbards drop.
He hath a very peece of that ſame chaire,
In which *Cæſar* was ſtabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete vpon the ſtones did tread,
That *Sathan* brought, & bad *Chriſt* make thē bread.
His wondrous trauells challenge ſuch renowne,
That Sir *Iohn Maundiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heads, and *Pigmies* hand-bredth hie,
Thoſe with one leg that on their backes doe lie,
And doe the weathers iniurie diſdaine,
Making their legges a penthouſe for the raine,
Are tut, and tuſh: not any thing et all.
His knowledge knowes, what no mans notice ſhal
This is a mate vnmeete for euery groome,
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome.
He ſaw a Hollander in *Middleborow*,
As he was ſlaſhing of a browne laofe thorow,
Whereto the haſt of hunger had inclin'd him,
Cut himſelf throgh, & two that ſtood behind him.
Beſides, he ſaw a fellow put to death,

Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath.
Oh this is he that will say any thing,
That to himselfe will any profit bring.
Gainst whosoere he doth speake he cares not:
For what is it that such a villaine dares not?
And though in conscience he doth not denie,
The All-commander saith, *Thou shalt not lie.*
Yet he will answer, (careleſſe of soules state)
Truth-telling is a thing obtaineth hate.

SATYR. 2.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnes:
To winke at folly, is a foolish blindnes.
God saue you Sir; saluteth with a grace,
One he could wish neuer to see his face.
But doth not he vse meere dissimulation,
That's inside hate, and outside salutation?
Yes as I take it, yet his answer sayes,
Fashions and customes vse it now adayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chance to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in streete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto sight,
Yet will he doe him the French *congès* right,
And in his heart wish him as lowe as hell,
When in his words hee's glad to see him well.
Then being thus, a man may soone suppose,
There is. *God saue you Sir*, sometimes twixt foes.
Oh sir, why that's as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere:
And farre to fetch the same I will not go,
But into Houns-ditch to the Brokers row:

Or

Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at Holborne Conduit, or Long lane:
If thither you vouchsafe to turne your eye,
And see the pawnes that vnder forfait lye,
Which are forth comming sir, and safe enough,
Saies goodman Broker, in his new print ruffe:
He will not stand too strictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay,
With all good words the kindest may be spoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his cloke:
And yet betweene them both at euery meeting,
God saue you Sir, is their familiar greeting.
This is much kindnes sure, I pray commend him,
With great good words he highly doth defend him:
It is a fauour at a pinch indeed,
A pinching friendship, and a pinching deed.
The slaue may weare his suites of sattin so,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in house, or on his backe,
It is his owne by forfaitures shipwracke.
See you the brooch that long in's hat hath bin?
It may be there, it cost him not a pin:
His sundry sorts of diuers mens attire,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne desire.
Shame ouertake the pesant for his paine,
That he should pray on losses, to his gaine:
In drawing wardrops vnder his subiection,
Being a knaue in manners and complexion:
Iumpe like to *Vsurie*, his neareſt kin,
That weares a mony bag vnder his chin:
A bunch that doth resemble such a shape,

And

And haired like a Parris-garden Ape,
Foaming about the chaps like ſome wilde Boore,
As ſwart and tawnie as an Indian Moore:
With narrow brow, and Squirrill eyes, he ſhowes,
His faces chiefeſt ornament is noſe,
Full furniſhed with many a Clarret ſtaine,
As large as any Codpiece of a Dane.
Emboſſed curious, euery eye doth iudge:
His Iacket faced with Moath-eaten Budge:
To which a paire of ſattin ſleeues he weares,
Wherein two pound of greaſe about he beares.
His ſpectacles doe in a copper caſe,
Hang dangling about his piſsing place:
His breeches and his hoſe, and all the reſt,
Are ſutable: his gowne (I meane his heſt)
Is full of threeds, intitl'd right threed bare;
But wooll thereon is wondrous ſcant and rare:
The welting hath him in no charges ſtood,
Being the ruines of a caſt French-hood.
Exceſſe is ſinfull, and he doth defie it,
A ſparing whorſon in attire and diet,
Onely exceſſe is lawfull in his cheſt,
For there he makes a golden Angels neſt;
And vowes no farder to be found a lender,
Then that moſt pretious mettall doth engender:
Begetting daily more and more encreaſe:
His moneys ſlaue till wretched life ſurceaſe.
This is the *Iew* alyed very neare
Vnto the Broker: for they both doe beare
Vndoubted teſtimonies of their kinne:
A brace of Raſcalls in a league of ſinne.

Two filthy Curres that will on no man fawne,
Before they taſt the ſweetneſſe of his pawne.
And then the ſlaues will be as kind forſooth,
Not as *Kind-hart*, in drawing out a tooth:
For hee doth eaſe the patient of his paine,
But they diſeaſe the borrower of his gaine.
Yet neither of them vſe extremitie,
They can be villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our Brother it is meete and fit,
Giue him roſtmeate and beate him with the ſpit
Vſerie ſure is requiſite and good,
And ſo is Brokeage, rightly vnderſtood:
But ſoft a litle, what is he ſayes ſo?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I know.

SATYRE. 3.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well, tis Miſtris, what d'ye call.
It woulde be ſhee both by her Mask and Fanne:
And yet it ſhould not, by her ſeruing-man;
For if mine eyes do not miſtake the foole,
He is the Vſher of ſome Dauncing Schole:
The reaſon why I do him ſuch ſuppoſe,
Is this; Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
An actiue fellow, though he be but pore,
Eyther to vault vpon a horſe, or &c.
See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron hee doth lacke,
Oh with that blade he kepees the queanes in awe
Brauely be hacked, like a two-hand Saw,
Stamps on the ground, and byteth both his thoms

Vnleſſe he be comaunder where he comes
You damned whores, where are you? quicke cõe
Dry this *Tobacco*, Fill a doſen of beere:)here,
Will you be brife? or long you to be bang'd?
Hold take this Match, goe ligh it and be hang'd.
Where ſtay theſe whores when Gent. do call?
Heer's no attendaunce (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the ſtaires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of ſwearing growes:
For he will challinge any vnder heau'n,
To ſweare with him, and giue him ſixe at ſeuen.
Oh, he is an accompliſh'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he can:
Which yeld to him a greater ſtore of gaine,
Then iuggling *Kinges*, hey Paſſe ledgerdemaine!
His witt's his lyuing: one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies. Cockpits, Cards, or Dice,
To thoſe exployts he euer ſtands prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum card.
The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And finde him in his boſome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cards for any kind of game,
Primero, *Saunt*, or what ſoeuer name:
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes ſweares
If you doe finde good dealing, take his eares.
But come to Dice: why thats his only trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce his owne invention made.
He hath a ſtocke whereon his liuing ſtayes,
And they are *Fullams* and *Bardquarter-trayes*:
His *Langrets*, with his *Hie men*, and his *low*,
Are ready what his pleaſure is to throw.

His

His ſtopt Dice with Quick-ſiluer neuer miſſe.
He calles for come on fiue, and there it is:
Or elſe heele haue it with fiue and a reach,
Although it coſt his neck the Halter ſtreach.
Beſides all this ſame kinde of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath ſome good other part,
well ſeene in *Magicke* and *Aſtrologie*,
Flinging a figuer woundrous handſomlie:
Which if it doth not miſſe, it ſure doth hit.
Of troth the man hath great ſtore of ſmall wit:
And note him whether ſoeuer he goes,
His booke of Characters is in his hoſe.
His dinner he will not perſume to take,
Ere he aske counſell of Almanacke.
Heele finde if one proue falſe vnto his wife,
Onelie with Oxe blood and a ruſtie knife.
He can transforme himſelfe vnto an Aſſe,
Shew you the Diuell in a Chriſtall glaſſe:
The Diuell ſay you? why I, is that ſuch wonder?
Being conſortes, they will not be a ſunder.
Alcumie in his braines ſo ſure doth ſettle,
He can make golde of any copper ket'le;
With in a three weekes ſpace, or ſuch a thing,
Riches vpon the whole world he could bring;
But in his one purſe one ſhall hardly ſpie it,
Witneſſe his Hoſteſſe, for a twelue-months diet:
Who would be glad of gold or ſiluer neither.
But ſweares by chalke, & poſt, ſhe can get neither.
More, he will teach any to gaine there loue,
As thus (ſaies he) Take me a turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lye and bake

So dry that you may powder of her make:
Which being put into a cup of wine,
The wench that drinks it will to loue incline:
And shall not sleepe in quiet in her bed
Till she be eased of her maiden-head.
This is *probatum*, and it hath bin tride,
Or else the Cunning-man cunningly lide:
It may be so, a lye is not so strange,
Perhaps he spake it when the Moone did change:
And thereupon no doubt th'occasion sprung,
Vnconstant *Luna* ouer-rul'd his tongue.
Astronomers that traffique with the skie,
By common censure sometime meete the lie:
Although indeede their blame is not so much.
When Stars and Planets faile, and keep not tutch:
And so this fellow with his large profession,
That ends his triall in a faire digression:
Philosophers bequeathed him their stone,
To make gold with, yet can his purse hold none.

SATYR. 4.

MEllifluus sweete Rose-watred eloquence,
Thou that hast hunted Barbarisme hence,
And taught the Goodman *Cobbin* at his Plow,
To be as eloquent as *Tullie* now:
Who nominates his bread and cheese a name,
(That doth vntrusse the nature of the same)
His stomacke stayer. How dee like the phrase?
Are Plough-men simple fellowes nowadaies?
Not so my Maisters: what meanes *Singer* then
And *Pope* the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, when

They

They counterfait the Clownes vpon the Stage?
Since Country fellowes grow in this same age
To be so quaint in their new printed speech,
That cloth will now compare with Veluet breech
Let him discourse euen where and when he dare,
Talke here so Inkhorne, learnedly, and rare,
Sweare, Cloth breech is a pesſant (by the Lord)
Threaten to draw his (wrath-venger) his sword:
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,
And lets him see *Bone-baster*, thats his staffe:
Then tels him, brother, friend, or so forth, heare ye,
Tis not your Knitting-needle makes me feare ye.
If to ascention you are so declinde,
I haue a restitution in my minde:
For though your beard do stand so fine mustated,
Perhaps your nose may be transfisticated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To iumpe, or leape ouer a ditch or hedge,
To wraſtle, play at stoole ball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne.
To play at loggets, nine-holes, or ten-pinnes,
To try it out at foote-ball by the shinnes:
At tichtacke, Irish, noddy, maw, and ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blindman-buffe,
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole can,
To play at base, or pen and ink-horne, sir Ihan:
To dance the morris, play at barly-breake,
At all exploits a man can thinke or speake,
At shoue-groat, venter point, or crosse and pile,
At beshrew him thats last at yonder stile,
At leaping ore a mid sommer bone-fier,

Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wag but your finger, I am for you, I.
I scorne (that am a youngster of our towne)
To let a Bow-bell cockney put me downe.
This is a gallant farre beyond a gull,
For very valour fills his pockets full,
wit showers vpon him wisedomes raine in plenty,
For heele be hang'd, if any man finde twenty
In all their parish, whatsoere they be,
Can shew a head so pollitike as he.
It was his fathers lucke of late to die
Vntestate; he about the Legacie
To London came, inquiring all about,
How he might finde a Ciuil-villaine out:
Being vnto a Ciuill-lawyer sent,
Pray sir (quoth he) ase you the man I meant,
That haue a certaine kinde of occupation,
About dead men that leaue things out of fashion:
Death hath done that which t'answer he's not able
My father he is dyed destable:
I being his eldest heire, he did prefer
Me sir, to be his executioner:
And very briefly my request to finish,
Pray how may I by law, his goods diminish?
Was this a Clowne? tell true, or was a none?
You make fat Clownes, if such as he be one:
A man may sweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Foolisher fellowes, haue not so much wit.
Oh such as he, are euen the onely men,
Loue-letters in a Milke-maides praise to pen:

Lines

Lines that will worke the curſteſt ſullen ſhrow,
To loue a man whether ſhe will or no.
Being moſt wonderous patheticall,
To make *Siſſe* out a cry in loue withall:
He ſcornes that maſter ſchoolmaiſter ſhould think
He wants his ayde in halfe a pen of incke:
All that he doth, it commeth euery whit.
From Natures dry-fat, his owne mother wit.

Or thus:

Thou honyſuckle of the hawthorne hedge,
Vouchſafe in *Cupids* cup my heart to pledge:
My hearts deare blood ſweete *Siſſe*, is thy carouſe
Worth all the Ale in gammer *Gubbins* houſe?
I ſay no more, affaires call me away,
My fathers horſe for prouender doth ſtay.
Be thou the Lady *Creſſit-light* to me,
Sir *Trollclolle* I will proue to thee.
Written in haſte: farewell my Cowſlippe ſweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-houſe meete.

SATYR. 5.

THis a bad world, the common ſpeech doth go,
And he complaines that helpes to make it ſo:
Yet euery man th'imputed crime would ſhunne,
Hypocriſie with a fine threed is ſpunne.
Each ſtriues to ſhew the very beſt in ſeeming,
Honeſt enough, if honeſt in eſteeming,
Praiſe waites vpon him now with much renowne,
That wraps vp vices vnder Vertues gowne:
Commending with good words religious deedes,
To helpe the poore, ſupply our neighbours needs:

Do

Do no man wrong, giue euery man his owne,
Be friend to all, and enemie to none,
Haue charitie, auoid contentious ſtrife.
Oft he ſpeakes thus, that nere did good in's life.
Deriſion hath an ore in euery boate,
In's neighbours eye he quickely ſpies a moate:
But the great beame thats noted in his own,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinks thereon.
Some doe report he beares about a ſacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behinde at's backe,
And his owne faults, (quite out of ſight & minde)
He caſts into the part that hangs behinde:
But other mens he putteth in before,
And into them he looketh euermore.
Contempt comes very neare to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deſerts with proud diſdaine.
Raſhneſſe is his continuall walking mate,
Coſtly apparel'd, loftie in his gate:
Vp to the eares in double ruffes and ſtarch,
God bleſſe your eyſight when you ſee him march
Statutes and lawes, he dare preſume to breake,
Againſt ſuperiors cares not what he ſpeake.
It is his humors recreation fits,
To beate Conſtables, and reſiſt all writs:
Swearing, the ripeſt wits are childiſh young,
Vnleſſe they gaine inſtructions from his tongue.
Theres nothing done amongſt the very beſt,
But hee'le deride it with ſome bitter ieſt.
It's meate and drinke vnto him alwaies, when
He may be cenſuring of other men.
If a man doe but toward a Tauerne looke,

He is a drunkard hee'le ſweare on a booke:
Or if one part a fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues diſſention.
Thoſe that with ſilence vaine diſcourſes breake,
Are proud fantaſtickes, that diſdaine to ſpeake.
Such as ſpeake ſoberly with wiſedomes leaſure,
Are fooles, that in affected ſpeech take pleaſure.
If he heare any that reproueth vice,
He ſaies, theres none but hypocrites ſo nice.
No honeſt woman that can paſſe along,
But muſt endure ſome ſcandall from his tongue.
She deales croſſe blowes her husband neuer feeles,
This Gentlewoman weareth capering heeles.
There minces *Mall*, to ſee what youth will like her,
Her eyes doe beare her witnes ſhee's a ſtriker.
Wonders, a wench new dipt in beauties blaze,
She is a maide, as maides go nowadaies.
And thus *Contempt* makes choyſeſt recreation,
In holding euery one in deteſtation:
His common gate is of the ietting ſize,
He hath a paire of euer-ſtaring eyes,
And lookes a man ſo hungry in the face,
As he would eate him vp, and nere ſay grace.
A little low crownd hat he alwaies weares,
And fore-horſe like therein a feather beares:
Goodly curld lockes, but ſurely tis great pitty,
For want of kembing they are beaſtly nitty.
His doublet is a cut caſt ſattin one,
He ſcorns to buy new now, that nere bought none
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat:
Knowne for a right tall trencher-man by that.

His breeches that came to him by befrending,
Are desperate like himselfe, & quite past mending
He takes a common course to goe vntrust,
Except his shirt's a washing; then he must
Goe woollward for the time: he scornes it he,
That worth two shirts his Laundresse should him
The weapons that his humors doe afford, (see.
Is bum-dagger, and basket-hilted sword:
And these in euery Bawdy house are drawne
Twice in a day, vnlesse they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the eares,
To field cries he, why zownes: (to field) he sweares
Shew your selues men: hey, slash it out with blowes
Let one make tothers gut garter his hose:
Make steele and yron vmpires to the fray,
You shall haue me goe with, to see faire play:
Let me alone, for I will haue a care
To see that one doe kill the other faire,
This is *Contempt*, thats euery ones disdainer,
The strife pursuer, and the peace refrainer:
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd: *Murders* larum-bell,
A neare deare kinsman to the diuell of hell:
And he whom Sathan to his humor brings,
Is th'only man for all detested things.

SATYR. 6.

TOm's no good fellow, nor no honest man:
Hang him, he would not pledge *Raph* halfe a (can:
But if a friend may speak as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow by this drinke.
Oh *William*, *William*, th'art as kinde a youth
As euer I was drunke with, thats the trueth.

Tom is no more like thee then chalk's like cheese,
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-se freese:
Fill him his beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the empty pinch.
Hee'le looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe:
A pox of peece-meale drinking (*William* saies)
Play it away, weele haue no stops and staies:
Blowne drinke is odious, what man can disgest it?
No faithfull drunkard but he doth detest it.
I hate halfe this; out with it, and an end,
He is a buzard will not pledge his friend, (closed
But stands as though his drinkes malt-sacke were
With, *Here's t'yee Sir against you are disposed*?
How say my friend, and may I be so bold?
Blowing on's beere like broth, to make it c old,
Keeping the full glasse till it stand and sower
Drinking but halfe a mile an hower:
Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
Where boone companions gage the pots apace.
A mans a man, and therewithall an end,
Good fellowship was bred and borne to spend:
No man ere saw a pound of sorrow yet,
Could be alowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be here to day, and gone to morrow,
Call me for six pots more, come on, hang sorrow,
Tut, lacke an other day, why tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*, what, hast gone right?
Is it the same that tickled me last night?
We gaue the Brewers diet-drinke a wipe,

Braue Malt-Tobacco in a quart pot pipe:
It nettled me, and did my braines inſpire:
I haue forſworne your drinking ſmoke and fier:
Out vpon Cane and leafe Tobacco ſmell,
Diuells take home your drinke, keepe it in hell.
Carowſe in Canon *Trinidado* ſmoake,
Drinke healths to one an other till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they ſweate,
Giue me the element that drowneth heate:
Strong ſodden water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one ſweare and ſwagger like a King,
And hath more hidden vertue then you thinke:
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate and drink:
Nay, Ile goe further with you, for in troth
It is as good as meate, and drinke, and cloth:
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall inrolde,
Cares not a point for hunger nor for colde.
If he be cold, he drinketh till he ſweate,
If he be hot, he drinkes to lay the heate:
So that how ere it be, cold or hot,
To precious vſe he doth apply the pot:
And will approue it phiſically ſound,
If it be drunke vpon the *Daniſh* round,
Or taken with a pickle-herring or two,
As Flemmings at Saint *Katherines* vſe to do:
Which fiſh hath vertue, eaten ſalt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as leate doth ſtraw,
Oh tis a very whetſtone to the braine,
A March-beere ſhewer puts downe Aprill raine;
It makes a man actiue to leape and ſpring,
To dance and vault, to carowle and to ſing.

For

For all exploits it doth a man enable,
T'outleape mens heads, and caper ore the table:
To burne sacke with a candle till he reeles,
And then to trip vp his companions heeles:
To sing like the great Organ-pipe in *Poules*,
And censure all men vnder his controules:
Against all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepest wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it, that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depose it.
He sayes, that day is to a minute shrunke,
In which he makes not some good fellow drunke:
As for nine worthies on his Hostes wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards passe them all
The first of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At last subdued by *Aquauitæ*, dide.
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,
Feasting with Oysters and braue Renish wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutch men held ful deare
Was stabb'd by pickeld herrings & strong beere:
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cups of *Chamico*,
Being taken fasting, th'onely cure for fleam,
It worketh wonders on the braine, extreame.
A pottle of wine at morning, or at night,
Drunke with an apple, is employed right,
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead sicke heart from all infirmitie.

SATYR. 7

I Iu'd the Philosopher *Heraclitus*
In *Troynouant*, as once in *Ephesus*.

Were not *Democrites* liue, s-date full done,
But he with vs an's glaſſe forne ſand to runne?
How would the firſt, dry-weepe his watry eyes?
And th'others laughter eccho through the skies?
For while they in this world were reſident,
Heraclitus for vertues banishment,
Perform'd a penſiue teare-complaining part:
Democrites, he laugh'd euen from his hart,
Spending his time in a continuall ieſt,
To ſee baſe *Vice* ſo highly in requeſt.
Weepe *Vertues* want, and giue ſad ſighes to boote:
Vice rides on horſedacke, *Vertue* goes on foote:
Yet laugh againe as faſt on th'others ſide,
To ſee ſo vile a ſcumme prefer'd to ride.
But what wilt helpe to ſigh on flinty ſin?
T'will not be mollifide as it hath bin:
T is farre more highly fauour'd then before,
Sin's no beggar ſtanding at the dore,
That by his patches doth his want diſpute,
But a right welcome Sir, for's coſtly ſute:
And maske about with ſuch an oſtentation:
World ſaies; *Vice*-haters loues no recreation.
You ſhall haue ſmooth-fac'd neate diſsimulation,
A true *What lacke ye?* by his occupation:
Will (*I in trueth, yes truely*) ſhew you ware,
All London cannot with his ſtuffe compare:
Nay, if you match it (go from him to any)
Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny.
At this, my ſimple honeſt Country-man
Takes *Trueth* and *Truely* for a Puritan;
And dares in's conſcience ſweare he loues no lying

But that they deale for, he giues him the buying.
To let him haue a penyworth he is willing,
Yet for a groates worth makes him pay a shilling;
Giues Goodman *Trollop* one thing for an other,
And saies, hee'le vse him as he were his brother:
But while his eares with brothers tearms he feeds,
He proueth but a Coosen in his deedes:
Brotherhood once in kindred bore the sway,
But that dates out, and Coosnage hath the day.
The foregone ages that are spent and donne,
The old time past, that calls time present, Sonne;
aw better years, & more plaine meaning howers
then presently, or future following ours.
The world is naught, and now vpon the ending,
Grows worse & worse, & fardest off frō mending
Seuen grand diuels bred and borne in hell,
Are grac'd like Monarchs on the earth to dwell:
where they comand the worlds whole globy roūd
Leauing poore *Vertuous* life no dwelling ground.
Pride is the first, and he began with *Eue*,
Whose cognisance still's worne on womens sleeue
He fits the humors of them in their kinde,
With euery moneth, new liueries to their minde:
A buske, a maske, a fanne, a monstrous ruffe,
A boulster for their buttockes, and such stuffe:
More light & toyish then the wind-blowne chaffe
As though they meant to make the diuell laffe.
The next that marcheth is the roote of euill,
Call'd *Couetousnesse*, a greedy rascall deuill:
To fill old yron barred chests, he rakes,
great rents for little Cottages he takes:
Hordeth vp corne, in hope to haue a yeere,

Fit for his cut-throat humor to ſell deere.
Then is there a notorious bawdy feend,
Nam'd *Lechwie*, who all his time doth ſpend
In two wheeld Coach, and baſe occupation;
Making a vaulting houſe his recreation,
Vnto his doore in ſummer howerly marches,
And euery Tearme looke for him in the Arches.
Enuie's the fourth, a Diuell dogged ſprighted,
In others harmes he chiefly is delighted:
His heart againſt all charity is ſteeld,
His frownes are all challenges to the field:
Though nothing croſſe him, yet he murmers euer
He laughes at ſome mans loſſe, or els laughs neuer.
Wrath is the next, that ſwaggers, fights, & ſweares,
In Fleetſtreete brauely at it by the eares:
Parboild in rage, pepperd in heate of ire,
Hot liuerd, and as chollericke as fire.
Vitlers and Sergants are beholden to him,
Till halter deſtenie, of life vndo him.
Sixe lubberly gor-belled deuill great,
Is *Gluttony*, ſwolne with exceſſe of meate:
His belliſhip containes th'inſatiate gut,
Paunch'd liquor proofe, an'twere a Malmſie-but,
Dulled with drinke: this is his vſuall phraiſe,
Yet one quart, and a morſell more, he ſaies.
The laſt is *Sloth*, a lazie diueliſh cur,
So truſt in *Idleneſſe*, he ſcarce can ſtur:
Lumpiſh and heauy thoughts, of Sathans giuing,
That rather begs, then labours for his liuing.
Theſe ſeuen are feends come forth of Hells darke
On earth ſeducing ſoules, miſguiding men.

FINIS.